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### The Story in Which the Imaginary Lover Becomes a Small House

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THE STORY IN WHICH THE IMAGINARY LOVER  
BECOMES A SMALL HOUSE

I dreamt of him again. He lived  
in the room next to mine. I tried to look like there's a hole in the wall  
that separates these rooms, like there are rooms in the buildings  
that are always locked. Like there's a river at the end of the hall  
& I dreamt that too. & you're weeping  
now. I'm sorry— I wanted you to come so I loved you  
back to paper. I thought I heard you say something about being hungry.  
If you were, I'd wash your collarbone in my bathtub.  
I'd build your bedroom in a hollow wall.  
I want to unhook you.  
Form your stomach muscles out of plywood;  
your hands: filled-in bed sheets; your skin: wallpaper drips.  
I want to make you slop mesh screening.  
The circular ruins of your eyes waterfall, looking for moons.  
Your knee bones,  
your knee-stops,  
your knee aches when it rains.  
I'll make you love the weathervanes.  
I'll never tell you it's not morning. Imagine it's not  
morning. Imagine it's still night-washed:  
Your pillows aren't soaked in anything;  
your hands aren't stuck  
to anything; your eyes haven't studied anything.  
Not even the walls look covered in holes;  
not even the windows look streaked with handprints.  
Even for one minute, I will not let you open.